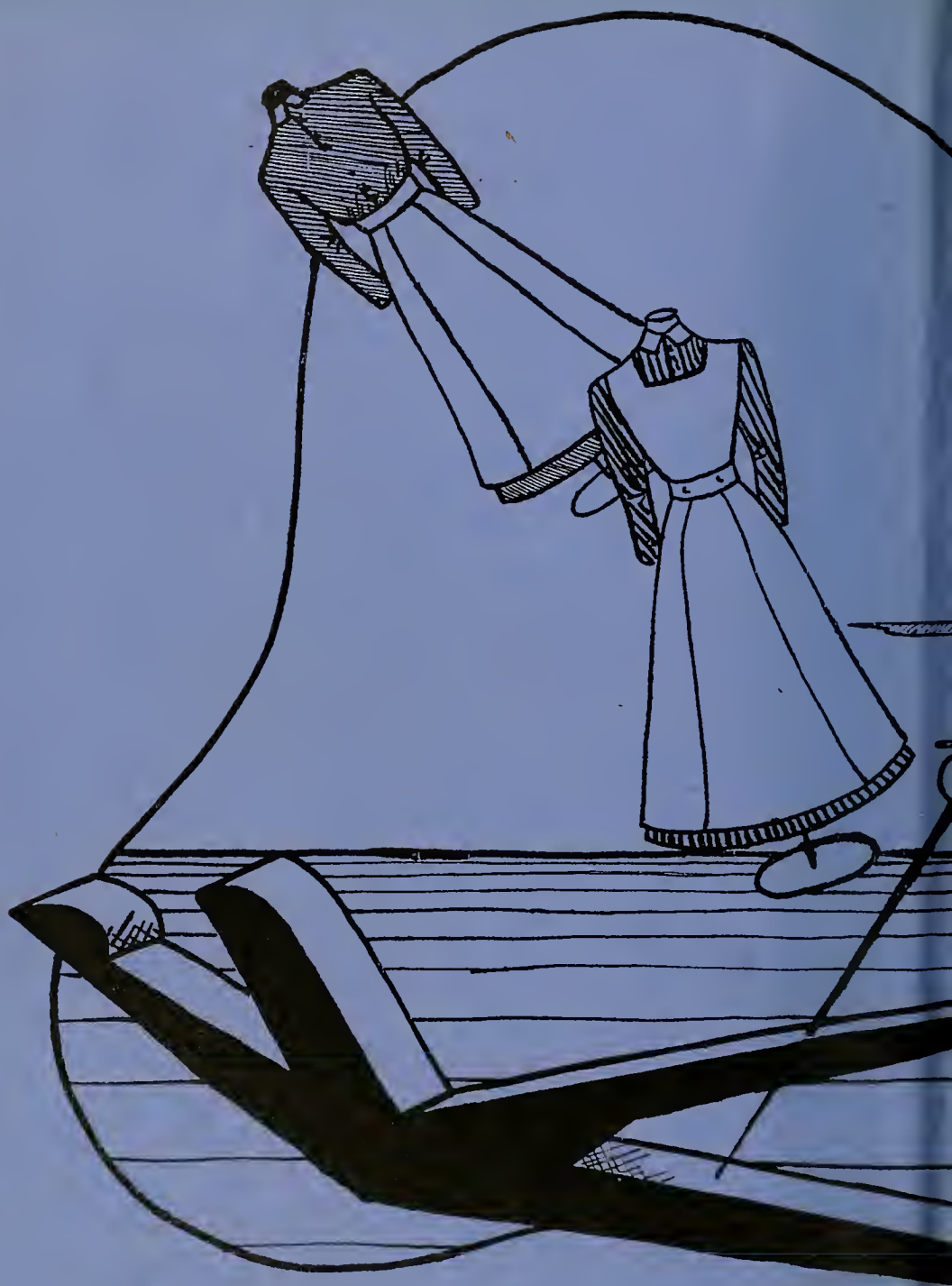
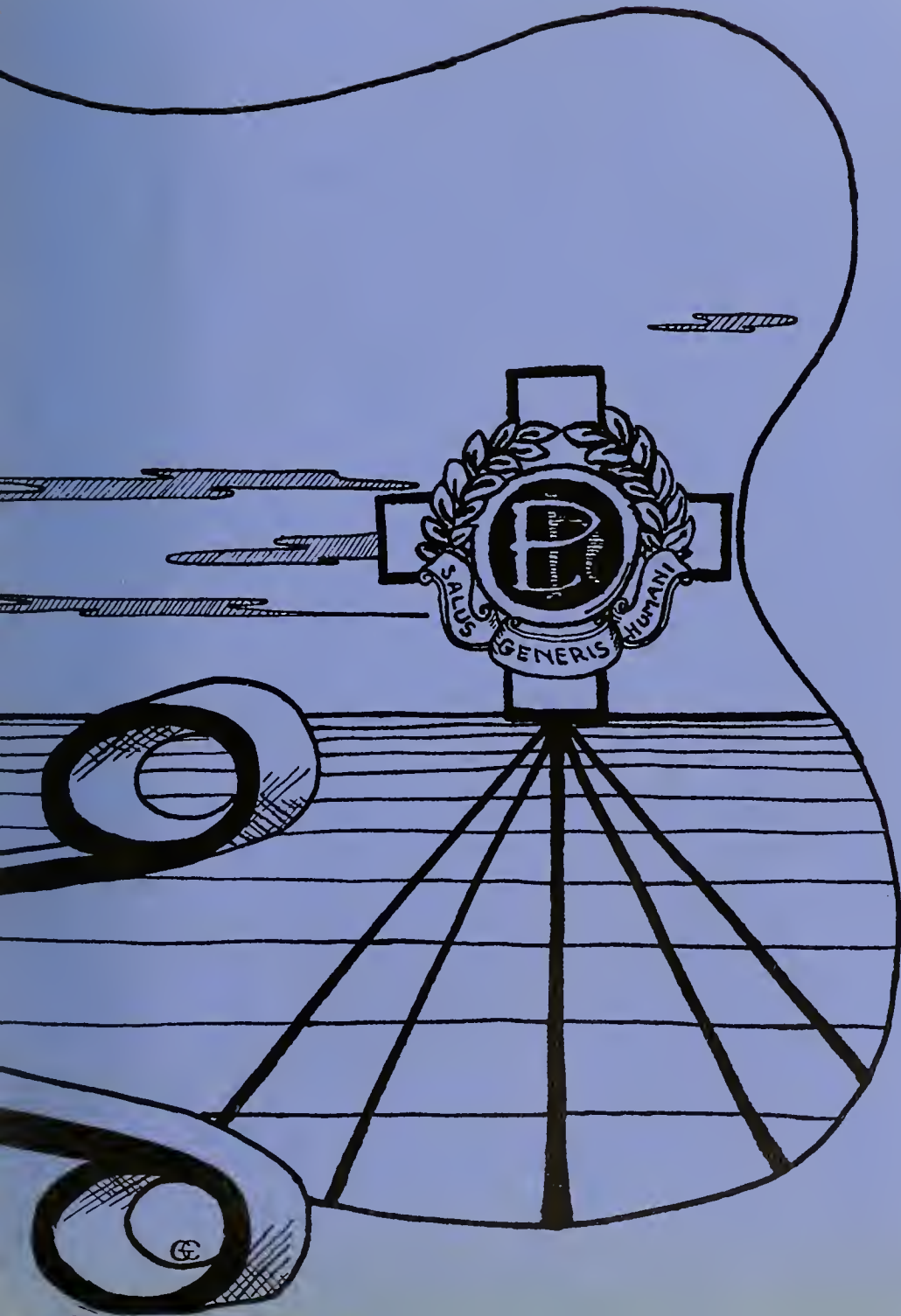


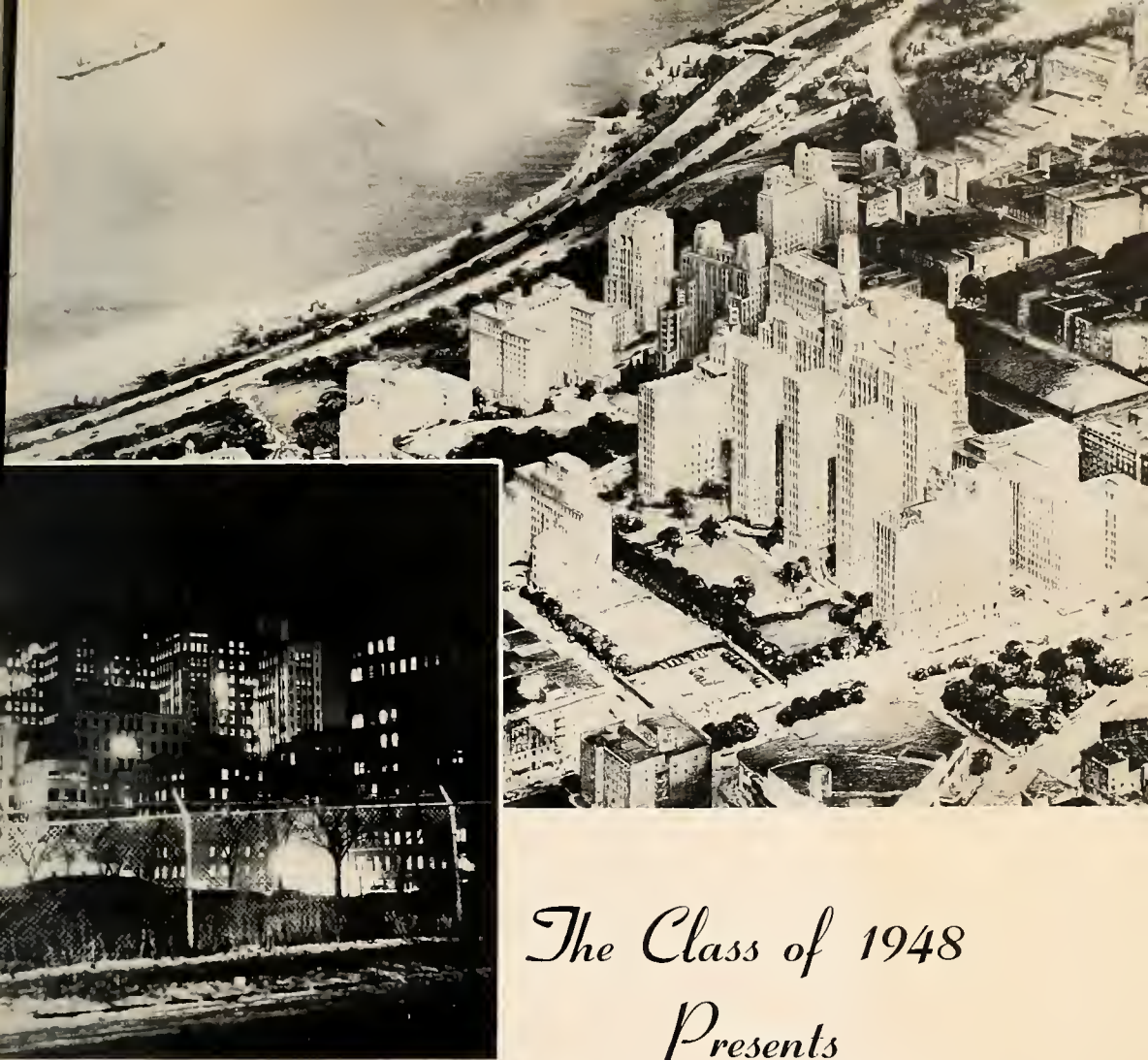


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Emma F. Alley
249 Emma Alley Wagner





*The Class of 1948
Presents*

Starch and Stripes

of the

Department of Nursing

Faculty of Medicine

Columbia University Presbyterian Hospital School of Nursing

New York City



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DEDICATION

We, the class of 1948, dedicate this book to the Board of Trustees of the Presbyterian Hospital. This is the great body of people seldom seen by us, but to whom we are indebted for all the advantages of a smoothly-run organiza-

tion, and an ever guiding hand. It is with much appreciation that we thank them for the immeasurable help they have given us in building this year's "Starch and Stripes".

One with quiet manner and gentle ways, who with wisdom and sincerity has joined us in our every endeavor, never too busy to see us, generous with sage advice, and without whose untiring efforts we could not have succeeded in publishing this yearbook. To you . . .

Miss Eleanor Lee

. . . the class of 1948 owes a tremendous debt of gratitude, love, and honor. We are indeed proud to have had you for our "class advisor" and sincerely hope that you will never forget your class of 1948, for we shall never forget you.





Our Dean

Margaret E. Conrad

The Class of Nineteen-forty-eight is about to graduate! The Class which started its nursing career at the beginning of the Atomic Age, and is now completing its student days in the midst of the New Look—the last of our large wartime classes, with a June section from the Bryn Mawr College Summer School of Nursing—the last class with members of the U. S. Cadet Nurse Corps! One hundred and twenty-nine students enrolled in 1945 (27 in June Section, 102 in September); ninety-seven are graduating (22 in June and 75 in September). This is a fine record among classes which have been faced with readjusting to peace-time psychology! Sixty-one are degree candidates, and fifty are Cadet Nurse Corps members.

We shall remember you for many fine achievements: For the early proof of your international-mindedness in salvaging your preliminary uniforms for Greece; for your cordial hospitality to students from affiliating schools; for the enthusiasm of your Red Cross Drive in 1947, with over \$1,000 to your credit; for your wonderful bazaar to aid the United Nations Crusade for Children, with \$1,750 for a donation; for your many appearances in print, with and without illustrations; for your fine co-operation in every new move—the 6-day week, the 44-hour week, the vacation adjustments; the gay and cheerful spirit in which you endured the construction and confusion of the new Maxwell Hall wings and Harkness Memorial Hall, and the paper dishes during the installation of the Maxwell Hall dishwasher! All of these events and activities have developed your ingenuity and your teamwork.

We hope that when you remember your student days, you will always feel the warm fellowship of this great group of students and graduates to whom you belong—planning and working and dreaming under the protection of a great University and a great Hospital, for a better life for all the world; and while holding firmly to their fine traditions, nevertheless constantly watching for new opportunities to serve.

Our affectionate and confident good wishes will follow you through the years!



*We Honor as a Classmate
Dr. David B. Habib*





The Nursing School Faculty

Front Row (left to right): Misses C. Harmon, K. Burnett, F. Jensen, J. Wyatt, C. Covell, P. Young, C. Shaw, E. Wilcox, D. Hagner, H. Lynch.

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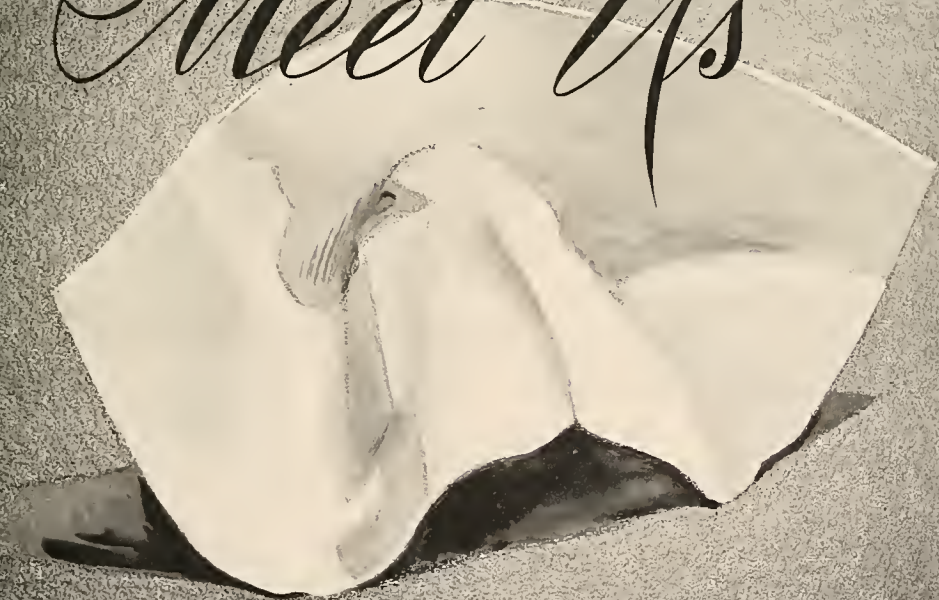
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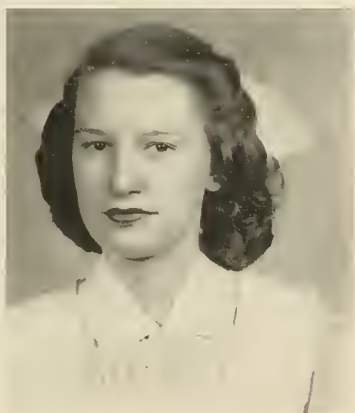
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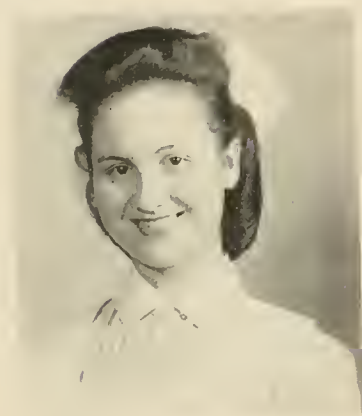
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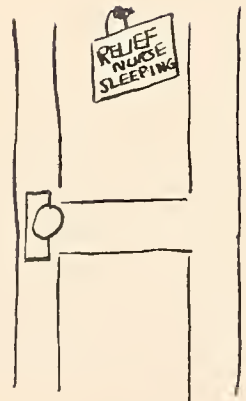
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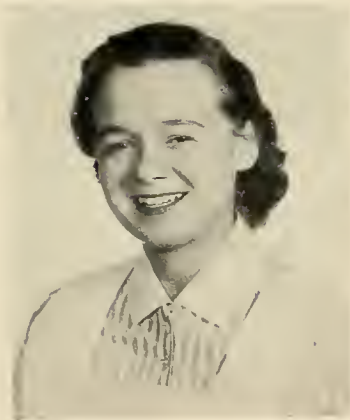


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History of the

Remember trudging down 168th Street in the blazing sun of that September afternoon way back in 1945? Our bags and miniature trunks were heavy, but our spirits soared higher than the towering buildings of the Medical Center. This was the day we had been anticipating all summer—not just a day—but the beginning of three years. Three years which on looking back seem so short, and yet so rich with memories and experiences, that we will never forget.

After a brief glimpse of that beautiful bridge, we walked up the path to Maxwell Hall to be greeted with a cordial reception, tea, and to meet our Big Sisters, those gals who had already been so helpful in answering via mail our innumerable questions—so many new faces, names, impressions—our new rooms; unpacking to be done, friendships beginning. It was wonderful!

The first time we put on our uniforms—getting up hours before breakfast to wrestle with our collars—registration with so MANY forms to be filled, all blended into our first day. Classes—inspection—"Hair off the collar"—"Less lipstick, please"—THOSE first pictures, made the weeks slip by, and we began to feel that we belonged. PH 15-125 became a familiar place, Mrs. Chase, our favorite and only patient. We no longer wandered astray on the way to class and our list of classes grew. We chanted lists of bones, learned that Gram was a weight as well as a relation, and we tried to impress each other with our medical vocabularies.

When the Bryn Mawr section arrived, the Class of 1948 was complete, and together we invaded the wards. Who can forget the first meeting with her patient? This was what we had been waiting for—baths, backrubs, afternoon care, early ambulation. The colors of fall faded and midnight lamps burned brightly, for exams were approaching . . . we were almost at the end of our Preliminary Period—it didn't seem possible! After a glorious week's vacation, we returned full of expectancy. Eight hours on the ward—tired feet—realizing that "elevation" had its virtues—the exciting prospect of our caps and stripes. It was a proud moment when Miss Conrad presented us with our caps and an inspiration when with red roses and candles lighted from Florence Nightingale's Lamp, we were welcomed into the School of Nursing. We were glad that the Bryn Mawr section had waited to be capped with us, for this was an important moment to be shared together. Spurred on by the words of Dr. Loeb's address, we reached for the next rung of the ladder.

As Freshman we learned the five rights of the medicine closet, became expert needle plungers, and were introduced to the mystery of aseptic technique. Hypo's and i.m.'s—our hands shaking as we tried to remember "Just like a dart"—and those awe inspiring Grand Rounds—"Alcohol, ether, iodine, please"—"Not too much adhesive tape!"

We brought Broadway to Maxwell Hall in the form of "Music In Manhattan", started Freshman Classes, and wrote voluminous nursing care studies. And then we began relief and night duty—ALONE—long dark corridors—sleeping patients—O₂ tents—pulmonary edema at 2 a.m.—"Who says that nothing happens at night!" And remember those awe inspiring sunrises over Manhattan as the Hospital stirred in preparation for another day?



Class of 1948

Spring, with forsythia a mass of gold along Riverside Drive—long hikes up to the Cloisters—physical activity for Miss Rathbun became a pleasure instead of a problem. Then there was June—Graduation—rain—but our Big Sisters shone through it all, and we caught their infectious spirit—the red coated band . . . the procession down the ramp . . . proud parents and proud Little Sisters.

As Juniors we became "Specialists"—Sloane, Babies, Neurological—the rattle of the "D.K." and the stillness of the "O.R."—each another step upward on the same ladder. Sunbathing on the roof, picnics, days off at the beach—sunburns—a magnificent month of vacation, and summer was over.

Far flung in the Medical Center our Junior year sped by, crowded with new experiences, new skills — "polite" bubble of babies, mechanics of respirators, and that elusive fetal heart. Moments off duty were not dull—Glee Club, writing for *Student Prints*, after dinner coffees, the Christmas Formal, candles and caroling, Santa Claus on the ward windows, and we hit the mark in our Red Cross Drive. Another spring—not only the buds burst forth—so did the earth—for Harkness Hall was under construction, much to the night nurses' dismay, and we were the sidewalk engineers. Our second summer at Maxwell Hall—cokes in the Snack Bar, bridge in the new reception rooms, dips in the pool after torrid days on the ward—enough to take the starch out of anyone! And then our Little Sister writing.

Little Sisters—we extended the welcome mat as bell hops in stripes their first day. Copies of *Nurse Please*, parties, skits, and answers to inevitable questions were all a part of our getting acquainted. Then came tables by the windows, for we were Seniors, and busier than ever. Monday nights reserved for Professional Adjustments, our Foreign Relief Dance—another mark hit—and plans underway for the year book. Post cards, candy bars, stationery, wrapping paper, made us saleswomen of the year as we canvassed Maxwell Hall. In the midst of all this, we applauded Finishing Days of the "early birds" in our class.

We worried through comprehensive exams, stitched and knitted, and campaigned for the Annual Bazaar—our "Crusade for Children".

The spring was also highlighted by events in the news—the seriousness of the international situation, elections in Italy, revolution in Bogota, and on the home front, presidential primaries and a new third party. The news event in Maxwell Hall—a new dishwasher! As June approached, the days didn't seem long enough. Term papers and pre-Oral jitters heralded OUR Graduation. The impressive Florence Nightingale service, dancing at the Pierre, and at last the day arrived.

This was the end of the beginning, and yet another beginning. As we marched in the procession to receive the pin for which we had waited so long, the realization that we were now part of a tradition, members of a proud profession, and graduates of an honorable institution filled us with a climatic thrill. Three years of learning, work, and everlasting friendships flashed through our minds as we stepped from the top rung of the ladder into the future.





Those About 2





Juniors

Class Officers



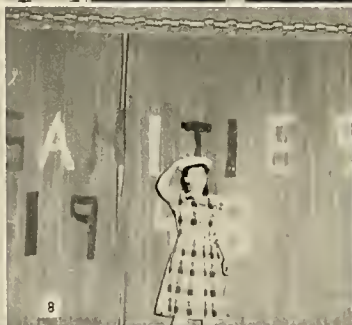




Freshmen
Class Officers





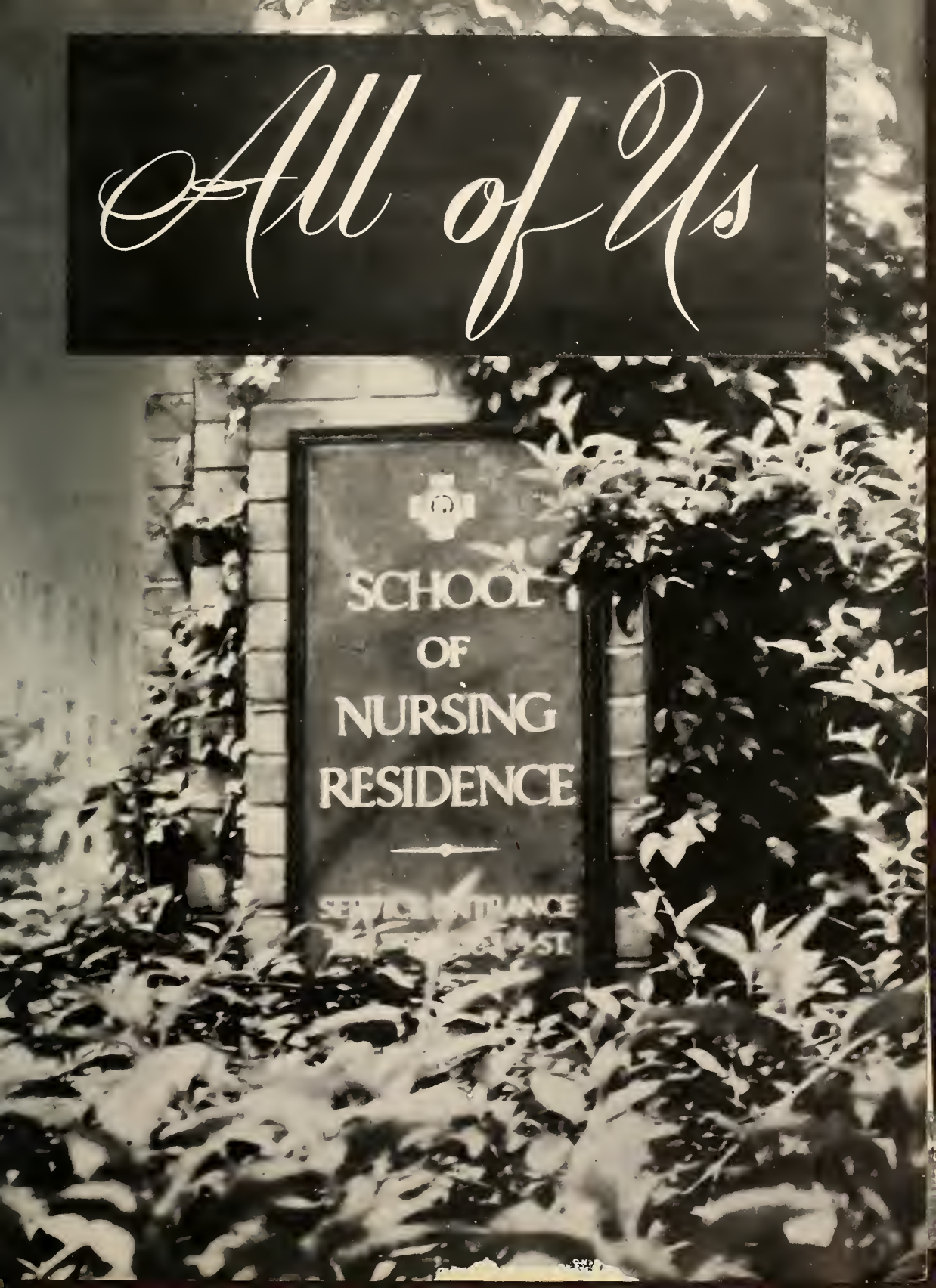


1 Nourishments
+ Pajama "ettes"
7 Big and little
11 Won't you buy

2 Building our ideal
5 Three good leaders
8 & 9 Sane . . . or insane
12 Bazaar or Bizarre

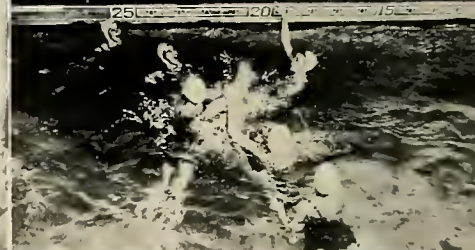
3 Big nite
6 Meow
10 Hold it!
13 Nymph
14 Going, goina, gone

All of Us



SCHOOL
OF
NURSING
RESIDENCE

SERVICES ENTRANCE
1000 E. 1ST ST.



Snack?
Recreation
Student government officers
Hardworkers
In and Out

Readin', writin' and 'rithmetic
House Mother
Sims
Air Conditioned

Senior Class officers
Home
Quick dip
Mail! ?



Babies bath?
Entertaining
Mary Chase
One way street

B. P. q 1/2 h
Real live dolly
O. P. N. S.
Any vacancies

Action
Just a mosquito bite
Eyes right



Graduation





BLACK STOCKINGS

Black stockings that never grow dirty—
The longer you wear them, the stiffer they get.
Sometimes I think of the laundry, but
Something keeps telling me,
"Don't wash them yet!"



'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CAPPING

'Twas the night before capping
And all through the dorm
Not a Probie was sleeping,
Just waiting for morn.

We tossed and we turned,
As we lay in our beds,
While visions of caps and stripes
Danced through our heads.

Memories of Probie days all returned:
of bones and muscles and nerves we had learned,
of swimming and hiking till everyone ached,
of custards and muffins and apples we baked,
bed pans and back rubs and afternoon care,
starched collars, limp aprons, and "up with your hair!"
sleepy-eyed cramming during exams,
our first shocked view of our black clad "gams",
rooms blue with smoke and crowded with kids,
beds left unmade, and Christmas dance bids.

The memories kept whirling
Around and around
Till sleep overtook us
That was deep and sound

With the perfume of roses
Sweet in the air,
And the feel of starched caps
Strange on our hair.

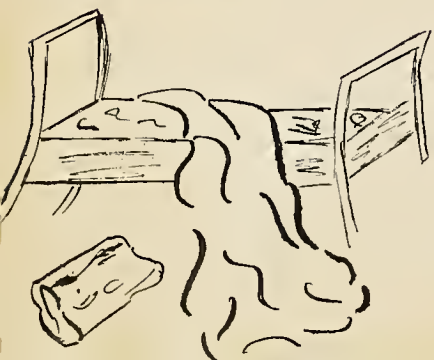
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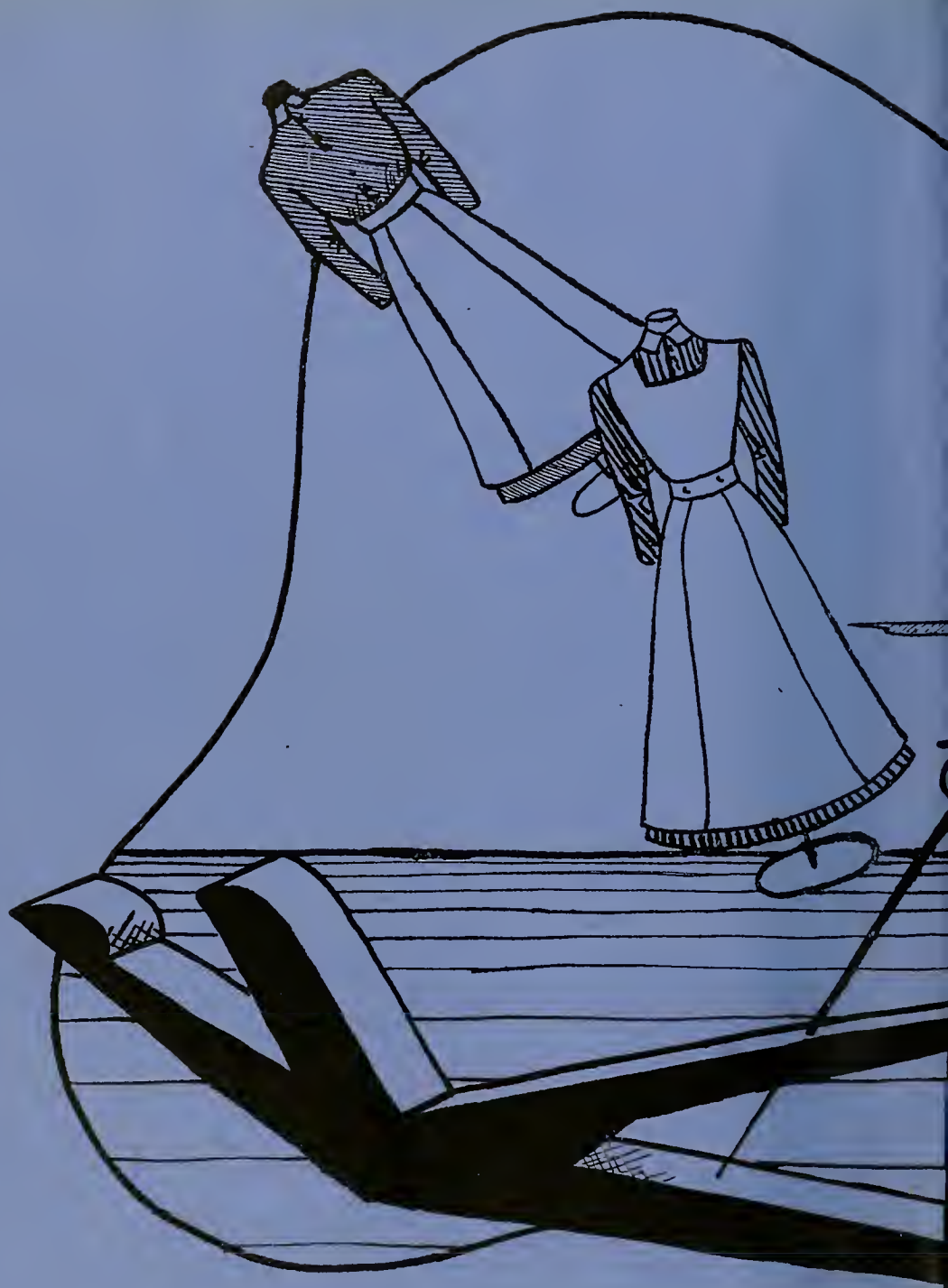
The Woman's Home Companion
for some of the pictures on
pages 44 - 45

Mr. Larry Heinrich
for pictures also on
pages 44 - 45

The Medical Center Camera Store
for pictures on
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